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May 24*th*,
1689.

A Full and True

ACCOUNT

OF THE

Inhumane and Bloudy Cruelties

OF THE

PAPISTS

TO THE

Poor Protestants,

IN

IRELAND,

In the YEAR. 1641.

Published now to Encourage all Protestants to be Liberal in their Contribution for their Relief, and speedy Delivering them now out of the hands of those Bloudy-minded People.

LONDON,

Printed for *Peter Richman* in *Duck-Lane*, 1689.

Here followeth a true Deſcription or Relation of ſundry ſad and lamentable Collections, taken from the mouths of very credible perſons, and out of Letters ſent from *Ireland* to this City of *London*, of the perfidious outrages and barbarous cruelties, which the *Iriſh* Papiſts have committed upon the perſons of the Proteſtants, both Men, Women and Children, in that Kingdom. *Annoque Domini.* 1641.

THE *Iriſh* Nation is well known to be a people both proud and envious. For the Commonalty (they are for the moſt part) ignorant and illeterate, poor and lazy; and will rather beg or ſtarve than work: and therefore fit ſubjects for the Prieſts and Jeſuits to ſpur on upon ſuch bloudy Actions and murtherous Deſigns. Ignorance is their Mother, which is devoid of mercy: God deliver all good Chriſtians from the Cruelty of ſuch a Mother and Children.

It is too well known, (the more is the pity and to be lamented) that the *Iriſh* have murthered of the Proteſtant party in the Provinces of *Ulſter*, *Lempſter*, *Connaght* and *Munſter*, of Men, Women and Children, the number of fifty thouſand, as it is credibly reported by *Engliſhmen*, who have been over all parts of the Kingdom, and do proteſt upon their Oaths that there are above five thouſand Families deſtroyed.

The Kingdom of *Ireland* hath four Provinces, wherein there are contained two and thirty Counties, beſides Cities and County Towns, in all which places the *Engliſh* are planted up and down in all parts, where the *Iriſh* have moſt murtherouſly and traiterouſly ſurprized them upon great advantages, and without reſpect of perſons either of age, youth, or infancy, of young Men or Maids, or of old Men or Babes, ſtript all to their skins, naked as ever they were born into the World, ſo they have gone out of the World, many hundreds having been found ſtarved to death in Ditches for want of food and rayment, where the rebellious *Iriſh* have ſhewed them no more mercy or compaſſion, no not ſo much as they would do to their Dogs. Thus much for the general, now I come to particulars.

At one Mr. *Atkins*'s houſe, ſeven Papiſts brake in and beat out his brains, then ripped up his Wife with child, after they had raviſhed her, and *Nero* like, view'd Natures bed of conception, they then took the child, and ſacrificed it in the fire.

They

They have flead the skin from the bones of others like Butchers: the principles of whose Religion is bloud. Witness our Books of Martyrs, those Chronicles of bloud. Witness those thousands of butcher'd Protestants in *France* and *Germany*.

They burned others, firing their Houses, Towns, Villages, those sons of the Coal, as if their habitation were in Hell.

They vowed to root out all the *English* Nation out of this Kingdom.

They turned all the Protestants out of *Kilkeny*.

At *Belturbalt*, in the County of *Cavan*, the Popish Rebels demanded the Town on promise, that if they would surrender, they should pass free with bag and baggage, they back'd their promise with Oaths and Execrations, cursing themselves, if they did not let them go withall. On serious considerations of the Inhabitants and the Governour, they were persuaded to yield it up, which when they had done, and drawing away their goods and moneys, they like treacherous Villians sent about twenty or thirty to guard them, when they had guarded them seven miles from the Town, they with more of that desperate forsworn rabble seized on them, robbed all the Protestants, being between five hundred and a thousand persons, Men, Women and Children; who submitting themselves to their mercy, found no quarter but cruelty: they stript them all naked, and turn'd them out of their houses into the open fields in bitter could weather, in a most vile and

ſhamefull manner, not affording them one of their lowzy rags to hide thoſe parts which ſhould be covered. Take notice of the faith of a Papiſt, who for his own advantage, caſts off all bounds of fidelity and common honeſty.

They are remarkable for perfidiouſneſs and treachery, as you may behold in that Maſter of Miſ-rule, the Arch-rebell Sir *Philem O-Neal*, baſely pretending to be a Suiter to the old Lady *Canfield*, being a Widow, and made fair promiſes of his reſpects to her, and when he had his advantage of poſſeſſion of her houſe and goods, turned them out of all, and bound them priſoners, and made her whom he intended his neareſt Companion to be his loweſt Vaſſal.

In the Town of *Lurgon*, in the County of *Armagh*, the *Mac-kans* skirmiſhing with the *Engliſhmen*, ſlew divers of our men, whereupon they entred parly demanding the Town: Sir *Willian Brunlow* being Governour of the Caſtle, on ſome conſiderations thought good to yield, thereupon they promiſed and backt it with Oaths and great Proteſtations, that they ſhould have fair quarter, and paſs without prejudice to their lives: yet behold the perfidiouſneſs of theſe brutiſh creatures, as men not fearing God, or Devil whoſe practice they imitate, who was a lier from the beginning. Notwithſtanding all theſe fair pretences they knew no mercy, killed Men, ſpoiled Women, nay, in their boundleſs rage, ſlew and maſſacared, and ſtript helpleſs Miniſters, whoſe calling might have pleaded pity.

But

But what ſpeak we of pity to men, that have no bowels?

In *London-Derry*, at the Town of *Belly-bagh* belonging to the *Londoners*. Sir *Philem O-Neal*, promiſed under hand and ſeal to let the poor Proteſtants to paſs with bag and baggage, onely to part with their Town, which was a fair goodly place: yet this perfidious Rebel? as if it was not enough to make theſe poor ſouls harborleſs, to lay them open to wind and weather, but to add to all their miſery, ſtript Man, Woman and Child, took their cloaths for a prey, and ſent them out naked, without a ſhirt or ſmock to their backs, left them not worth a groat, this was one of their works of mercy, if they ſcaped with their lives: but how many lives might be loſt by this immodeſt and inhumane act, judge. The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.

Will you behold another mercifull Act, and Record it. Captain *Rory Macquire*, at the beginning of the Rebellion for the firſt fortnight commands his Soldiers to give quarter to Women and Children, but to maſſacare all the Men, to ſpare none. Wo to him that makes the Wife a Widow, and the Children Fatherleſs, but after they began to reſiſt, and to gather into Companies: then hear the Charge of this bloudy man, Give no quarter, no not to Women, though Tears and Prayers interpoſe, yet know no pity: no not to harmleſs Babes, though it was death enough to kill their Parents, nor ſpare neither Man, Woman, or Child.

It

It is reported by an eminent Gentleman that had long dwelt among the Rebels, but its thought fit to forbear the names of those that gave intelligence of the barbarous cruelties of these savage beasts, because they threaten to be the death of them that shall unmask them. It is reported by this Gentleman that the *Handlowans* came to *Town-regis*, divers of them assaulted the Castle, of which Captain *Saint John* was Commander, he with his Son got away with some difficulty, leaping over the wall, they fearing they might fetch supplies to recover their lost Castle, most inhumanly took the Captain's Wife, (poor Gentlewoman) and set her on the wall having stript her to her smock, who was big with Child (and within an hour of her delivery) that in case the Captain and his Son should have assaulted the Town, his Wife should have been the white at which he must have levelled: Oh extreme and unheard of cruelty!

As for the Protestant Ministers whom they surprize, their cruelty is such towards them, at it would make the hardest heart to melt into tears. Their manner is first to strip them, and after bind them to a tree or some post where they please, and then to ravish their Wives and Daughters before their faces (in sight of all their mercilesse rabble) with the basest Villains they can pick out, after they hang up their Husbands and Parents before their faces, and then cut them down before they be half dead, then quarter them, after dismember them, and stop their mouths therewith.

They

They basely abused one Mr. *Trafford* a Minister in the North of *Ireland*, who was assaulted by these bloudy Wolves of *Rome*'s brood, that know not God, nor any bowels of mercy. This poor distressed Minister desired but so much time to bethink himself before he took his farewell of the World to call upon God: but these mercilesse wretches would admit no time, but instantly fell on him, hackt and hewed him to pieces.

Dr. *Tate* Minister of *Belly-Hayes*, they stript starke naked, and then wounded him dangerously in the head, and then let him go towards *Dublin*, where he lay long sick.

Sir *Patrick Dunston*'s Wife ravished before him, slew his Servants spurned his Children till they died, bound him with rouls of Match to a board, that his Eyes burst out, cut off his Ears and Nose, teared off both his Cheecks, and cut off his Armes and Legs, cut out his Tongue, after run a red hot Iron into him.

Many Gentlewomen they ravished before their Husbands faces, stripping them first naked to the view of their wicked companions, taunting and mockings them (after they have spoiled them) with bitter and reproachfull words, sending them away in such a shamefull, or rather shameless manner, that most of them have died with pain and grief, or else have starved with want and cold. Base cruelty unheard of, exceeding the brute beasts, and so much the worse.

worſe becauſe they are reaſonable, which makes them skilfull to deſtroy.

One Mr. *Luttrell*, dwelling within three miles of the Burrough of *Cavan*, a Gentleman worth by report, two or three hundred pounds a year, with a very great ſtock of Cattel, was baſely betrayed by an *Iriſh* Boy that he had bred up in his houſe. See the baſeneſs of the Popiſh brood, who when he was at Dinner (being upon the thirtieth day of *October* laſt) was ſurprized by threeſcore of thoſe *Iriſh* unmercifull Villains, with a company of dirty Whores and Baſtards that followed them, which this Boy let in at a back door, where pulling him and his vertuous Wife from the Table, and four ſmall Children, the eldeſt of them being not ſix years of age, and one ſucking at her breaſt, without pity or humanity, ſtript them naked, notwithſtanding their prayers and tears to have let them kept their cloaths, and then thruſting them in a cruel and violent manner out of doors, threatned to kill them if they went not ſpeedily away. Take notice how uncertain all our outward comforts are. So they departed, (for fear) away, being aſhamed to be ſeen of their ſervants, ſome of them running one way, and ſome another to ſhift for themſelves, but the diſtreſſed Gentleman with his Wife and Children, and a little youth, directed their courſe towards *Dublin*, hoping to find ſome of their friends in the way to relieve them, but the farther they came the more miſerable they were, meeting their loving Friends robbed

robbed (by others) in the ſame manner, which ſtruck in them ſuch amazement, and fear, that their hearts failed them, ſo that being naked and hungry, helpleſs and hopeleſs, the poor Infants crying in their Ears, which muſt needs kill their Hearts, they went not far but ſate down under a Hedge or Ditch, and there died: being not at that time above ſix miles from his own houſe, for this little youth that he had bred up (being an Engliſh Boy) forſook not his Maſter when the reſt ran from him, but continued with him till death: the ſame day, ſome Horſemen or Troopers riding that way to coaſt the Countrey, met this youth, unto whom he told this ſad ſtory, and being not far from the place led them to this lemantable ſight, where they beheld the true love of Man and Wife, embracing each other in their death, the three eldeſt Children dead, but the ſuckling Child was preſerved through heat, being between them both, and grabling and gaping for the dead Mothers Breaſt. So the Troopers took up the Child, carrying it to a Nurſe, for they knew the Parents well, and beſtowed ſome Cloaths upon the Engliſh youth, who came to *Dublin* within few days after, and related the ſtory in my hearing.

In the County of *Roſcommon*, near the Town of *Roſcommon*, there fled into the Pariſh Church, eleven ſcore of the Engliſh, Men, Women, and Children, where they remained three Days and Nights without any ſuſtenance, till they were almoſt ſtarved, ſo that at laſt (what with the cries of their Children and their

own wants) they were forced to commit themſelves to the cruelty of the *Iriſh*, who according to their uſual manner firſt ſtript them naked, after drove them through the Town like ſo many harmleſs Sheep and Lambs over a Bridge at the Towns end, having before broke down one of the middle Arches where a ſtrong Water runneth, ſo that either they muſt leap in or come back, their intent being there to murther them, as they did; For the poor wretches being Sickly, Weak and Faint, for want of Food and Sleep (yet unwilling to haſten their own ends) ſome returned back whome they killed without mercy, others they thruſt into the Water who were drowned, ſome that could, did ſwim towards the ſhoar, and there Inhumane Villians, Bruitiſh Furies, ran and met them before they got to Land, and knock'd them in the head in the Water, ſome few eſcaped that did ſwim to the other ſide of the River, where the *Iriſh* could not come at them, having before broken down the Bridge themſelves, and ſo eſcaped to *Dublin*, to be ſad witneſſes of this lamentable Tragedy.

Mr. *Blundy* a Miniſter they hanged, after pulled his fleſh from his bones in his Wifes ſight.

Many Ladys and Gentlewomen (which they have ſurprized in the Province of *Ulſter*) being great with Child, they have turned them out of their houſes naked into the fields, where they have been delivered without the help of any Women, and ſo have ended their mifery, others that have eſcaped death in Child-

bearing,

bearing, they have mercileſly carred away upon Carts (lying in lowſie and ſtinking ſtraw naked,) to places where they and their poor Infants have been deſtroyed.

There was one Gentlewoman which was Wife to Mr. *King*, a Dean, (Brother to the Biſhop of *Clogue*) and Parſon of *Dundalke*, in the County of *Lowth*, who having three thouſand Inhabitants in his Pariſh, had but thirty Communicants of the Proteſtant Party, the reſt being all *Iriſh* and Papiſt, and although this Gentleman did for many days together (by his own relation to me) ſollicite his Wife to go to *Dublin*, and to remove his goods thither living at a place about two miles from *Dundalke*, ſhe being great with Child, yet would not be perſuaded, although ſhe knew the Rebels were at the *Newry* within eight miles of *Dundalke*, whereupon he left her and his Family, and going to a Friend's Houſe within two miles of his own (for fear of the multitude of the *Iriſh*, that lived about his own Houſe) he remained there but two days when tidings was brought him, that the *Iriſh* had ſeized upon his Wife and all that he had, ſo that he was forced to fly away for his Life with his Friends, who was purſued by the Rebels about twelve miles, but through God's mercy he eſcaped with his precious Life (which they hunted after) with the loſs of his whole eſtate, and Wife whom they turned out of (doors having firſt abuſed her) where ſhe was delivered in ſtraw, without the help

of any Woman, and ſo periſhed. She was a charitable Gentlewoman, and in her life time had relieved many hundreds of the poor *Iriſh*, and this mercy they afforded her for her Charity.

The Lord *Blany* eſcaped their cruelty, being forced to ride fourteen miles upon a poor carrion Jade, without either Bridle or Saddle to ſave his Life, his vertuous Lady being ſurprized by theſe Villains the ſame day, and his Children, who uſe her moſt ignobly and cruelly, neither regarding her Nobleneſs of Birth, nor her Lord, but forced her to lodge in ſtraw with a poor allowance of two pence a day to relieve her and her Children; and to add affliction to the good Ladys miſery, ſlew a Kinſman of hers, and cauſed him to be hanged up before her face two days and two nights in the Room where ſhe lay to terrifie her, telling her withall, ſhe muſt expect that end.

In the County of *Tir-Oen* (even in that rebellious part) whith is above all other inhabited by thoſe Romiſh Locuſts and Wolves, which in Nature differ not from the Dog-Wolves that breed amongſt them, was the cruelleſt murther (of all the reſt) committed by ſome of the Soldiers belonging to Sir *Philem O-neal*, that Tyroniſh off-ſpring, and *Rory Mack-Guire*, the Lord *Mack-Guire*'s Brother, who are known to be the moſt eminent Rebells in this Treaſon, upon the Bodies of one Mr. *Charles Davenant*, his Wife, and two young Children. The Villain which firſt entred the Houſe and moſt forwardeſt in cruelty was

was known by his name, to one of the ſervants in the Houſe, to be ſometime a ſervant to this Mr. *Davenant*, and lived at the time of this Tragedy not far from *Dungannon* in the County of *Tir-Oen*. The Servant of the houſe that knew him was born in *Ireland*, in the City of *Clogher* in the ſaid County, but of *Engliſh* Parents, his name is *Thomas Maddin*, but he could ſpeak good *Iriſh*, and ſo eſcaped, being an Eye-witneſs of theſe paſſages enſuing. This *Swillyvane* and his rout broke in forcibly into the Houſe where they found three or four ſervants that made no reſiſtence, in the Kitchin, but going farther into the houſe they found Mr. *Davenant*, ſitting by a fire with his Wife and Children, two young Daughters, they immediately ſeized upon him and his Wife, and bound them both faſt to their Chairs, making a very huge and great fire, after they ſtripped the two Children, the eldeſt being not ſeven years old, ſlew them in the ſight of their Parents, and after roaſted them upon ſpits before their faces, ſuch barbarous cruelty was never known. With great patience they were compelled (poor ſouls) to behold that cruelty which they could not help, after they ſtript his Wife, forcing her moſt uncivilly and unmercifully before his face, and afterward cut her Throat, the diſtreſſed Gentleman being overpreſſed with the lamentable ſight of the death of his Wife and Children, ſtrived and ſtrugled in his Chair where he was bound, and held, hoping they would have killed him, chuſing

rather to dye the death, than to live any longer. So when they had made an end of his Wife and Children in this barbarous manner, they untied him and ſtript him, and afterwards murthered him, when he had confeſt to them where his money was. There was a Letter written about the middle of *November* laſt, from *Stabound* in the ſaid County of *Tir-Oen*, by one Mr. *Birrom*, unto one Mr. *Cuſack* dwelling in High-ſtreet in *Dublin*, which Letter I read and took a Copy of: and before I came out of *Ireland* the above-ſaid *Thomas Maddin*, came from the City of *Clogher*, in the County of *Fermanagh* unto *Dublin*, and teſtified the contents of this Letter, being an Eye-witneſs of the certain paſſages thereof, and did give God great thanks that he had eſcaped their hands in my hearing, for he ſaid his Soul could not endure to be any longer amongſt them, they did daily commit ſuch cruelty, murther and outrages, upon the *Engliſh* Proteſtants in thoſe parts.

At the Burrough of *Kello*, or, as ſome Letters report, at the Burrough of *Trim*, being both in the County of *Meath*, in the Province of *Ulſter*, the Rebells ſurprized the houſe of one *Arthur Robinſon*, he himſelf being at that time in *Dublin*, which was upon the ſix th day of *November* laſt, about ſome ſuits he had in Law, being in the laſt *Michaelmas* Term, he not knowing that the Rebells were riſen in thoſe parts there, he intending to have gone home to his Wife and Family, five or ſix days after, hoping by that

that time to have ended his buſineſs, and indeed when he came from his houſe to *Dublin*, which was on the twentieth day of *October*, the Rebellion was not begun in any part of *Ireland*, but before his appointed time to return home, a Meſſenger prevented him with heavy tidings, even his onely Daughter whom he quickly knew, though ſhe were much diſguized, for the Rebels had ſlain moſt of his Family, robbed and pillaged the Houſe, after they had ſtripped his Wife and raviſhed her, they ſought out for this young Virgin (being about fourteen years of age) who had hid her ſelf in a Barn, where the Villains quickly found her: but ſhe made what reſiſtence ſhe could to preſerve her Chaſtity, and with a Knife ſhe had (unſeen to them) wounded one of them, which the reſt perceiving ſeized upon her violently, ſtripped her, and then bound her with her Armes abroad, in ſuch manner as ſhe could not help her ſelf any way, and ſo like heli-hounds deflowred her one after another, till they had ſpoiled her; and to ſhew their unheard-of malice, were not herewith content, but pulled the hair from her Head, and cut out her Tongue, becauſe ſhe ſhould not report the truth and their cruelty, but the Maid could write, though ſhe could not ſpeak, and ſo diſcovered their inhumane uſage to her and her Mother. The Maid was ſent with a letter from her Father in *Dublin*, to *Mynhead* in *Somerſetſhire*, to her Uncle *William Dyer*, her Mothers Brother, living within three miles

of

of *Mynhead*, which Letter I have ſeen here in Town, containing the Contents above written, being Dated at *Dublin*, the twentieth of *November* laſt.

About the eighth of *Januarry* laſt, a diſtreſſed Miniſter came to *Dublin*, that had left ſome goods with a ſuppoſed friend, ſent for them, the goods could not be delivered, unleſs He or his Wife came for them, he would not go, but ſhe went, and when ſhe came where her goods were (as if that were too little to loſe her eſtate, but her life muſt go alſo) they hanged her up. Was there ever ſuch Barbariſm among the Heathens?

In the County of *Fermannagh*, in the Province of *Ulſter*, they murthered one Mr. *Champion*, a Juſtice of Peace, and a Burgeſs of the Parliament for the Borrough of *Iniskillin* in the ſaid County, who was betrayed by an *Iriſh* Villain his Tenant, whom he had ſaved himſelf twice before from the Gallows. The Rogue's name was *Patrick Mack-Dermot*, who finding one of his Companions, brings him to Mr. *Champion*'s Houſe, and tells Mr. *Champion* that he found this Thief ſtealing the Cattel, the Gentleman knowing this *Mack-Dermot*, ſaid unto him before one Mr. *Iremonger* an Attorney, I am glad thou art turned from Thief to catch a Thief, whereupon he returned him this peremptory Anſwer, that he was no more Thief than himſelf. No ſooner had he uttered theſe words in the Court before His Houſe, but there ruſhs in upon them a great number of

theſe

theſe Rebels, who without reſpect of mercy ſtabbed Mr. *Champion*, inſtantly before he could get into his Houſe: ſo that he fell down immediately, but their fury went further than death, for they wounded him with their Skeins in thirty places after he was dead, and then cut off his Head to make ſure work, whlie the reſt ran into the Houſe after Mr. *Iremonger*, whom they followed ſo cloſe that he had not time to lay hold on his Sword to help himſelf, but falling down upon his Knees, and calling upon God for mercy, they fell upon him, and ran him through and through, and ſo he died. One of Mr. *Champion*'s Servants eſcaped to *Dublin*, and reported this in my hearing in *December* laſt. A third was likewiſe ſlain, then the Rebells entred the Houſe and killed more: his Wives Siſter and her Brother-in-law, with two others in the houſe they kept priſoners, taking poſſeſſion of all they had within the houſe and without, his Wife was down upon her Knees to beg a Sheet to put her Husband's dead Body in. And another Gentleman with other Friends that came to viſit him over Night, loſt their lives next Morning.

In the County of *Monaghan*, within two miles of the Town of *Monaghan*, they murthered one Mr. *George Foord* in his Garden, a great company having gotten into a room or loft over a Stable (being between him and the houſe) ſurprized him, This was upon the one and twentieth of *November* laſt,

being the Lord's day, for when he with his Wife and Family were gone to Church, in that place they hid themſelves till their coming back from Church, and ſo watching their time and opportunity, firſt ſet upon him without any words, and then entred the houſe, for the houſe was ſtrong and not eaſily to be broken, unleſs they were let in at the doors, ſo they bound all the ſervants being ſome *Engliſh*, and ſome *Iriſh*, till they had found Mrs. *Foord*, whom they ſtript naked and bound, taking from her, her Keys, having alſo with them her Husband's Keys, who lay murthered in the Garden, and rifled, and opened every Trunk and Box in the Houſe to find their Money, where they found but little to what they looked for, for they knew that Mr. *Foord* was rich and well monyed, wherefore they began with threats to kill her if ſhe did not ſpeedily tell them, but alas! ſhe could not, then they fell to torturing of her, heating a pair of Tongs in the fire, and clapping them to the ſoals of her Feet, and to the palms of her Hands, ſo that with the pain thereof ſhe dyed. After ſhe was dead, they ript her Body to ſee if ſhe had not ſwallowed any Gold into her Guts, and ſo when they had pillaged the houſe, and carried away with the Gentlewomans own Horſes and Carts, all that was worth the carriage, they unbound the *Iriſh* ſervants which they before had bound, and murthered ſuch of the *Engliſh* as they pleaſed, and then departed. I heard *Affidavit* made of the truth and certainty

certainty of this Maſſacare, in this manner before recited, before divers of the Privy Council in *Dublin* in *Ireland*.

They ſet up Gallows five miles diſtant in divers places, on purpoſe to hang up the Proteſtant Spies, which they did accordingly; they likewiſe cruelly ſet Women and Men on red hot Grid irons to make them confeſs where ſuch Coyn, and Money, and Goods as they had, or whether they had hid or ſold any.

And all theſe cruelties were not done without the advice and animation of the Fryars, Prieſts and Jeſuits, and their religious men, or rather Firebrands of Hell; who at their Maſſes, and their Incendiary Sermons, ſtirred up the people to the committing of theſe Maſſacares, promiſing them pardon for the ſame, and aſſuring them the more merit, by how much the more they exceeded in their villainous Cruelties: they themſelves being ſtill in the firſt of theſe executions. For no ſtratagem of War, nor other horrid Action or Deſſign whatſoever, was there undertaken, without them. They going on with their Soldiers in the head and front of every Battel, and by their miſchievous Advices and Counſels did make them mad, Tyger-like, with fierceneſs and cruelty, aſſuring them that to imbrue their hands in the Bloud of the Proteſtants (which they term Hereticks) ſhall add to their merits and Canonization of Saints, and gain them higher places and reward in Heaven.

Mr. *Jerome* Miniſter, they baſely abuſed who lived near *Dublin* ſometimes; but when he was thus murthered, he lived near the Burrough of *Athie*, in the County of *Kildare*, they hanged him, then mangled his Body, cut off his Members, ſtopt his Mouth with them, then quartered him. This is reported a by Citizen of *Dublin*, now in *London*, to bear witneſs of this truth.

A Proclamation was made that neither *Engliſh* nor *Iriſh* ſhould either ſell or keep in their houſes, any Powder upon the loſs of Goods and Life: except with licenſe, and at two ſhillings the pound.

Miniſters they hate, and breath out cruelty, Maſſacaring their Bodys, burning their Books, and tearing them in pieces, and it is likely where they can light on them they uſe them accordingly.

They robbed all *Engliſh* Proteſtants, ſtripping them ſtarke naked, and ſo turned them into the open Fields and Mountains in Froſt and Snow, where hundreds periſhed.

They deſtroyed the *Engliſh* breed of Cattel, out of malice to the Proteſtants, that the poor dumb creatures fared the worſe and were ſpoiled, though one of ours is worth four of theirs.

They cut off Mens Privy Members and ſtopt their Mouths with them, (like cruel ſavage beaſts) that they might commit ſuch horrid villanies without noiſe, and leſt their pittileſs bowels might be moved with the cries of thoſe ſo cruelly Maſſacared Proteſtants.

At

At *Waterford*, ſome poor Proteſtants ready to be ſtarved, came to the Town for relief, and their charity threw them ſome Bread over the wall: it is likely the Dogs ſhould have had the ſame entertainment.

Theſe bloudy Papiſts forced the Proteſtants to pull off their Cloaths, and then killed them on purpoſe, that they might have their Cloaths without holes.

After they had knocked a man down dead, they fearing he might counterfeit they doe run their Swords twenty times into his Body leſt he might revive again

They ſtripped Ladys and Gentlewomen, Virgins both old and young ſtark naked, turning them into the open Fields.

Many hundreds were found dead in Ditches with cold and want of food and rayment, eſteeming them no better than Dogs.

They laboured what they could to make death appear more dreadfull then it was in it ſelf: they hanged up Husband, Kindred, Children, before the faces of their living Wives, and tender Mothers ready to dye for grief, a death worſe than death it ſelf, and this they do on purpoſe to increaſe their dolorous pain and anguiſh.

They forced (as is reported) ſome to turn to their curſed bloudy Religion, and then perſuaded them that they were fitteſt to dye, and then treacherouſly murthered them, and ſo did what in them lay to damn their Souls.

Debtours

Debtours baſely murthering their Creditours. Tenants ſheathing their Swords in their Landlord's bowels, Servants unnaturally ſlaying their Maſters, others poſſeſſing themſelves of their Lands, Goods, Plates, Money, Jewels, Houſhould-ſtuff, Corn and Cattel, and thruſt them out of door naked. Oh inhumane cruelty!

Many great Men's Servants, being *Iriſh*, ran away from their Maſters with their beſt Horſes to the Rebels.

Many of the Proteſtants uſually took into their Houſes, *Iriſh* Boys, as Servants, and thoſe did baſely betray their Maſters, like *Judas*, into the hands of theſe bloudy Wolves. A good Caveat to look to our Servants before we take them, and to inſtruct them in the fear of God when we have them.

Others they wounded to death, and then left them languiſhing, their Bellys being ripped up and Guts iſſuing out, they poor wretches lying on Dunghills, (ſee the charity of cruell Papiſts) all this leſt they ſhould be out of their miſery too ſoon.

It ſeems it was their delight to linger out their cruelties (like men that wanted Bowels) for whereas the primitive Perſecutions were exquiſitely cruell, yet they made a quick Diſpatch of them: but theſe ſons of *Belial* found new ways of perſecution by extreme Cold and Hunger to ſtarve (which aggravates their cruelty) tender Women with Child, poor helpleſs Infants and ſucklings.

An

An *Iriſh* Rebell (as a credible friend reports) ſnatched an innocent Babe out of the Armes of the Mother, and caſt it into the fire before her face, but God met with this bloudy wretch: for before he went from that place, he broke his Neck.

The Rebells burned all the Plantation Towns in the County of *London-Derry*.

One hundred and twenty they threw into the water by force, drowning ſome that could not ſwim, others that could they knocked on the head.

Many rich and great Men fled into *England*, and carrying their Eſtates with them, they left no relief for the poor diſtreſſed people that came hither. Thouſands thus fled into *Dublin*, many hundreds ſtarved to death with Hunger and Cold, the poor Citizens relieved them beyond their abilities the charge lying on the poorer ſort.

Many of their Wives they raviſhed in their ſights, before the multitude like brute beaſts, ſtripping them naked to the view of their wicked companions, taunting them, ſcoffing them, and then ſending them away ſhamefully, that they died with Grief, or ſtarved with Cold.

One Mr. *Wells* Miniſter, loſing his Notes, went back to look them, and as he returned, he met the Rebells crying, Kill all, kill all, the head Rebells command. Thereupon he fled over a Mountain, was up to the Breaſt in cold Snow-water and ſo ſcaped to *Dublin* very hardly with his Life.

Three

Three thousand six hundred poor souls fled naked into *Dublin*, and starved with Hunger, came to eat something and died with eating, twenty in a day lay dead in the open Streets, as Men smitten with the Plague.

Sir *James Crag* being in his Castle, having many with him was besieged with the Rebels, and almost famished the Knight was constrained to put forty out of the Castle which else must have been famished with the the rest: behold the cruelty of these bloud-sucking Papists, when they were turned out, and left to their mercy, they made quick dispatch set on them, and slew every man.

Another came into an *English* Gentleman's House, and found him a Bed, and there began to cruciate and torture his naked Body, that he might extort of him a confession where his Treasure lay, which when this poor distracted Gentleman acknowledged in hopes to be eased, they cruelly killed him, and then stripped his Wife naked, and turned her out of doors, as if they would make all savage like themselves: and lastly, *Mac-Quire* took his Daughter being a proper Gentlewoman, and satisfied his beastly lust on her, deflouring her, as if that was too little to kill her Father, turn her Mother out of doors, and abuse her himself, but like an inhumane Villain cut off her Garments by the middle, and then turned her to the mercy of the common Soldiers, to be abused at their pleasure.

Take

Take notice of the bloudy practices, and cruelties of the *Romiſh* party, eſpecially of the Jeſuits and Prieſts, thoſe fire brands of Hell, who at this very day to incourage their Diſciples to murther, as is aforewritten, do anoint them with the Sacrament of the Unction, aſſuring them that for their meritorious ſervice (if they chance to be killed) they ſhall immediately enter into Heaven, and eſcape Purgatory, and what they get from the Proteſtant party, by Murthering, Robbing and Stealing, the one half ſhall be their own, and what man would not be willing to venture upon ſuch conditions, to get Wealth upon Earth, and purchaſe Heaven for Murther. Oh damnable Doctrine and Doctours.

They uſually mangled their dead Carcaſſes, laying wagers who ſhould cut deepeſt into their fleſh with their Skeins.

At *Carvagh*, near *Colerane*, the Rebells came to begirt the Town, Mr. *Rowly*, Brother to the worthy Knight Sir *John Clotworthy*, came forth with a ſmall Company, about three hundred men to prevent them, they came upon them with a very great company, and ſlew all but eight of the Proteſtants, baſe cowardiſe where they want courage, they make it up with heaps and multitudes of frighted Hares, and the more fearfull and cowardly, ever the more cruel upon any advantage.

All their cruelties were uſually on diſarmed Men, in ſmall Villages, where was no ſtrength to reſiſt them, there they have tyrannized over the weaker Sex,

Women, and they basely triumphed over little Children, their rage hath been exercised. Oh base cowardise if they ventured sometimes on our Men, it hath been when they were naked, as they have been flying from those Furies which their party have newly stripped naked: by and by they met with more of those white-livered Villains in companies. They would likewise abuse those poor naked Protestants like Dogs, adding to their misery, beating them and bruising their naked Bodys with Cudgels, breaking the Heads of some and wounding others, that if they had not died, they have been dangerously sick with the inhumane usage of those mercilesse wretches: nay, rather than they will be (no body) they will shew their manhood in abusing dead Bodys, as this story declares by very credible testimony from their own Country-men.

Here I shall acquaint you with a remarkable Story, which I received from a Citizen of *Dublin*'s testimony, of good repute there and here: wherein you may behold the promise made good to the Protestant side, which the Lord himself made to his People *Israel*, that five should chase a hundred.

It pleased God by one man and few with him, to out-dare about thirty thousand of those cowardly Rebells, whose cause is base, whose Religion is but a mere pretence for their bloudy designs, and thus it was as that Citizen related.

A very

A very great Army of about thirty thouſand Rebels beſieged *Drohedah*, wherein was that valliant and religious Commander Sir *Henry Tichbourn*, with a few of the Proteſtant party with him in compariſon of thoſe multitudes of Rebells, truſting to their great Army, boldly demanded the Town, if they would yield, no queſtion, but they ſhould have fair Quarter: But Sir *Henry* knowing them (its likely) very well how perfidious they were, and the leſs to be believed, the more they ſwore and execrated themſelves, reſolutely replied, and ſent the Rebells this Anſwer. " Be it known to you I am a Soldier bred, " and will never yield but upon Three Conditions.

1. " Before I Surrender I will kill all the Papiſts " in the Town.

2. " I will deſtroy all the Nunneries,

3. " I will fire the Town, and march in the ſight " of it, by the help of God, to *Dublin*.

" Nay, rather than I will give up, I will feed on " a piece of a dead Horſe, and if that fail, I will eat " the Soulders of an old Popiſh Alderman. This Bone he threw among thoſe hungry Dogs, and you may imagine how they reliſhed it.

And that remarkable inſtance which was publiſhed by order of the Right Honourable the Houſe of

Lords, concerning this Noble and Religious Knight, Sir *Henry Tichbourn*, how it pleaſed God to honour him with a ſucceſsfull Victory againſt the Rebells, they being driven in *Drohedah*, to eat Horſe-fleſh for want of other proviſion. The Rebells having chained up the River in hope to keep out proviſion by Sea, that no relief might come from *Dublin*, it pleaſed God to raiſe ſuch a ſtorm that broke the Chain, and ſcattered the Enemies Boats, and opened a free paſſage from *Dublin*, whereby they were relieved, bleſſed be God. Thus the Lord Fought for them by Winds and Seas.

Pulling them about the Streets by the hair of the Head, daſhing the Childrens Brains againſt the Poſts, ſaying, *Theſe are the Pigs of the* Engliſh *Sows*.

And alſo by Land an Army lying before the City, aſſaulted them in hopes to famiſh them: whereupon this Noble Captain, Sir *Henry Tichbourn*, ſallied out of the Town, but with forty Muſquetiers, and as many Horſe, beat off four hundred of the Enemies, killed above threeſcore of them, recovered fourſcore Cows and Oxen, and two hundred Sheep, burned four Towns and brought home two of their Colours.

Here take notice of their cowardiſe again attempted on a Noble Lady, by a Letter ſent from ſeven of the grand Rebells, with her reſolute and undaunted Anſwer to them as follows.

The

THE Rebells Letter To the LADY OFFALIA In her Castle at *Gesbel.*

TO

The Right Honourable and thrice Vertuous Lady, the Lady *Digby*, these give.

Honourable,

WE His Majesty's Loyal Subjects being at the present employed in his Highness Service for the taking of this your Castle, you are therefore to deliver unto us free possession of

of your ſaid Caſtle, promiſing faithfully, that your Ladyſhip, together with the reſt in the ſaid Caſtle reſtant ſhall have a reaſonable compoſition; otherwiſe upon yielding of the Caſtle, we do aſſure you that we will burn the whole Town, kill all the Proteſtants, and ſpare neither Man, Woman nor Child, upon taking the Caſtle: Conſider (Madam) of this our offer, and impute not the blame of your own folly unto us, think not that here we brag: your Ladyſhip upon ſubmiſſion, ſhall have a ſafe Convoy to ſecure you from the hands of your Enemies, and to lead you where you pleaſe. A ſpeedy reply is deſired with all expedition, and thus we ſurceaſe:

Henry Dempſy.
Charles Dempſy.
Andrew Fitz-Patrick.
Conn Dempſy.
Phelim Dempſy.
John Vicars.
James Mac-Donel.

The

The Lady OFFALIA *her Answer to the Rebells.*

For my Cosin Henry Dempsy, *and the rest.*

I Received your Letter, wherein you threaten to sack this my Castle, by his Majestys Authority; I am and ever have been a Loyal Subject, and a good Neighbour amongst you, and therefore cannot but wonder at such an Assault; I thank you for your offer of a Convoy, wherein I hold little safety, and therefore my resolution is, that being free from offending His Majesty, or doing wrong to any of you, I will live and dye Innocently, and will doe my best to defend my own, leaving the issue to God; and though I have been, and still am, desirous to avoid the shedding of Christian bloud, yet being provoked, your threats shall no whit dismay me.

Lettice Offalia.

Theſe Stories I relate that all true-hearted Proteſtants may take heart, and likewiſe take notice that God is vindicating his own Glory againſt theſe deſperate Atheiſts that began to inſult, and to ask (as we are credibly informed) what is become of the God of the Proteſtants, and likewiſe what ſpirit and courage God is able to put into the hearts of thoſe that fight for him, and for his cauſe againſt his bloud-thirſty enemies. And therefore be not diſmaid you Proteſtants, 'tis a great honour to fight under the Banner of Chriſt, they fight under the banner of Anti-chriſt, the Lord is with you while ye are with him. See the blaſphemies and cruelties of theſe bloudy men: it is that their names (as *Amalek*) may be blotted out from under Heaven, for ſurely the day of recompence is comming, that God will make his Arrows drunk in their bloud, they love bloud, and therefore God will give them bloud in great meaſure.

As for inſtance, I ſhall relate you a bloudy ſtory of one of thoſe cruell beaſts. The Proteſtant Troopers, about the beginning of *Febr.* 1641. marched out of *Dublin*, as they uſed to do, to view the Coaſts, they eſpied a cruell Rebel hewing and mangling a Woman in ſo horrid a manner that it was impoſſible to know her, having acted his Deviliſh part he triumphed over her dead Corpſe, and waſhed his hands in her bloud, whereupon the Troopers apprehended this barbarous Villain in the very act of cruelty, and brought him to *Dublin* with his hands all bloudy, and was adjudged

to

to be hanged immediately, he aſcended the Ladder, and would not ſtay till the Executioner turned him off, but deſperately leaped off and hanged himſelf. This was in the beginning of *February*, and was credibly reported by a Citizen of *Dublin*, who ſaw him thus hanged with his hands all bloudy.

It is remarkable to take notice of the riſe of this bloudy act, it was thus. A Fryar and this Villain was drinking together in a Village, the Fryar hearing a poor *Engliſh* Woman there, he commanded this Rebel to murther her, which he did, as you have read, atteſted by a Gentleman of *Ireland*, of good credit.

Thus theſe poor deluded wretches gull'd with their Jeſuits damnable Doctrine, who aſſure them on their words, that the *more cruel, the more meritorious.* An Article no where to be found, but in the Devil's Creed.

Would any man believe that theſe Villains ſhould take Children and toſs them with pitch-forks like Dung into Rivers? one was an Eye-witneſs (who loſt a great Eſtate there, but ſince received relief from the Parliament) who ſaw a cruel wretch, throw a Woman crying with tears one way, and her Child with a pitch-fork another way.

They cruelly murthered Women great with Child, and then left them in Ditches, to the fury of their Dogs, who learned to be cruel from their bloudy Maſters, for they eat the Children out of the Bowels of the Mother.

At *Lesgoole* Castle, in the County of *Fourmanagh*, they burned fifty *Scots*, Men, Women and Children.

Sixteen *Scots* more they barbarously hanged at *Cloynes* in the County of *Monaghan*.

Thirty *Scots* they burned in *Tolagh*.

It is remarkable that they dealt thus cruelly with those Noble *Scots*, who have been renowned through the Christian World, for their zeal against that Anti-christian Rabble, that these Rebells would wish they had but one neck, that they might cut them off at one blow, but the Protestant Cause shall stand in *England* and *Scotland*, when they and their *Babel* shall be cast into the bottomless Pit.

Rory Mack-Quire at *New-Town*, in the County of *Fourmanagh*, above four hundred poor Protestants fled into the Church to shrowd themselves under its roof, for safety from the rage of those men of bloud, where they might have been famished, but the mercy of this merciless beast affords them quarter to go away with their Cloaths to *Dublin*, and vows he will not hurt them: before they got out of the Town, the Soldiers stript some and killed others like base perfidious wretches.

The *Irish* Lieutenant pretending they came from the King, perfidiously come under favour, pretends to bortow the Arms of the Inhabitants, as they said, to quell the Rebells, then break into their Houses, and turn their weapons against themselves, made havock, taking their feather-beds, and throwing out their feathers,

feathers, and in the Ticks, put up what pretious things they could find in the Houſe, and carried all away, and ſo turned them out of doors, the next company taking away their cloaths, and cloathing them with their rags. The next company thinking they may have Money in thoſe rags, take them alſo, ſearch their Mouths, and thoſe parts which modeſty will not admit of an expreſſion: if they can find none, they ſet their Skeins at their Breaſts, to try if they can extort any thing when the poor Proteſtants are naked. Bluſh, O Sun! to behold the inhumane cruelties and beaſtly uſages of theſe unheard of Cannibals.

They enſlaved the poor Proteſtants under them, making them work like Horſes all day, digging and delving for them, and then ſhut them up all Night, not knowing what wages, whether life or death ſhould be allotted, and ſo every Night lay trembling and praying that they might be delivered from their cruelties.

Some Miniſters they whipped, others they ſet in the Stocks, and made others to go to Maſs againſt their wills, then told them, now that they had ſaved their Souls, they would hang they Bodies.

A Miniſter ſeeing his Wife abuſed, and his Children roaſted, and deſiring them to put him out of his extremity of anguiſh, which he ſuffered by ſeeing ſuch cruelty committed on thoſe ſo near him, they moſt inhumanely cut his Tongue out of his Head.

And for a concluſion of this dreadfull Tragedy, it is related from one of the laſt Letters from *Ireland*,